MARVEL COMICS
DEFENDERS OF DYNATRON CITY
JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF RADIUM'S CRANIUM!
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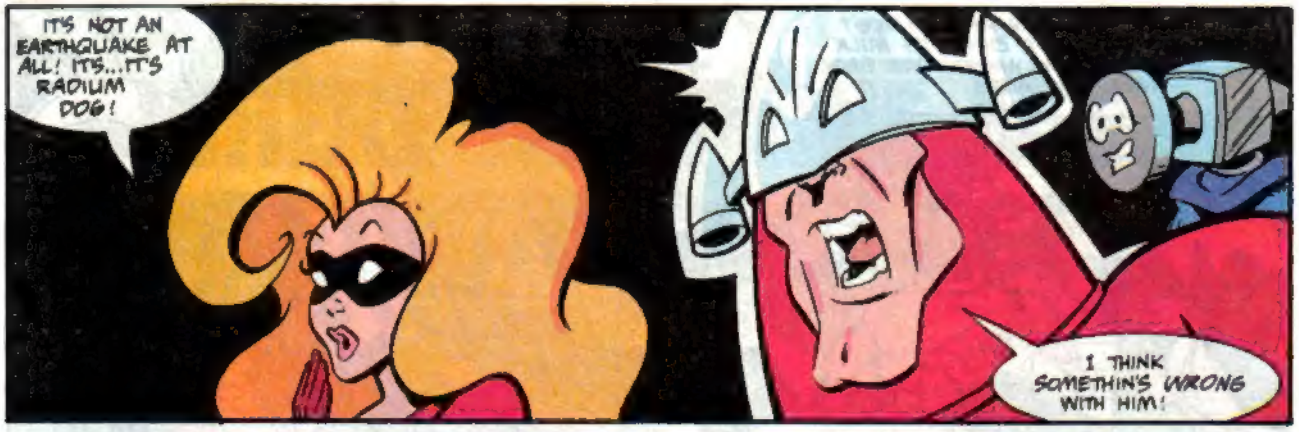
HAVE ANY OF Y'ALL SEEN RADIUM DOG? I SENT HIM OUT FOR A QUART OF MILK THIS MORNIN' AND HE HASN'T COME BACK WITH MY CHANGE.
HE GROWLED AT ME TWICE YESTERDAY.
HI, JET. I WAS JUST SHOWING OFF MY NEW COLD-FUSION REACTOR-POWERED REDUCING DEVICE.
I DEVELOPED IT TO CREATE TINY ARTIFACTS FOR MY HO SCALE TRAIN SET. THOSE THINGS ARE GETTING EXPENSIVE.
DO YOU HAVE A LOT OF TIME ON YOUR HANDS, TOOLBOX?
SEE HERE? THIS IS A PRETTY CONVINCING MODEL OF A PHONE BOOTH. BUT IT COST FOUR BUCKS!
BUT THIS ONE... I MADE IT FROM A REAL ONE I FOUND ON THE STREET.
YOU FOUND A PHONE BOOTH ON THE STREET?
WELL, YES, BUT I WAS PLANNING TO RETURN IT SOMEDAY...SOON.
GOOD GOSH! SOUNDS LIKE A QUAKE!
KK RRUMGG GPT



THIS ISLAND: RADIUM

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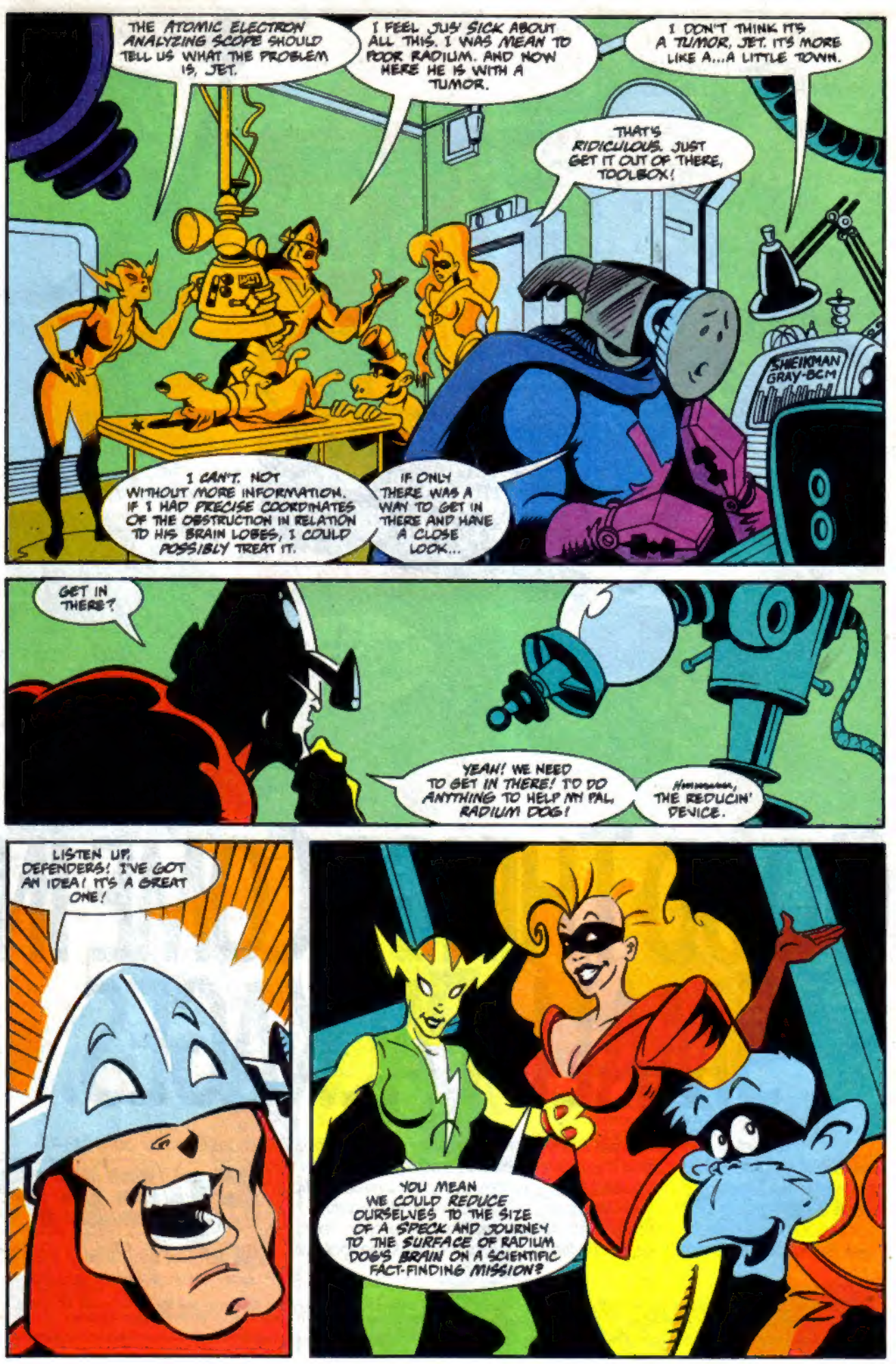
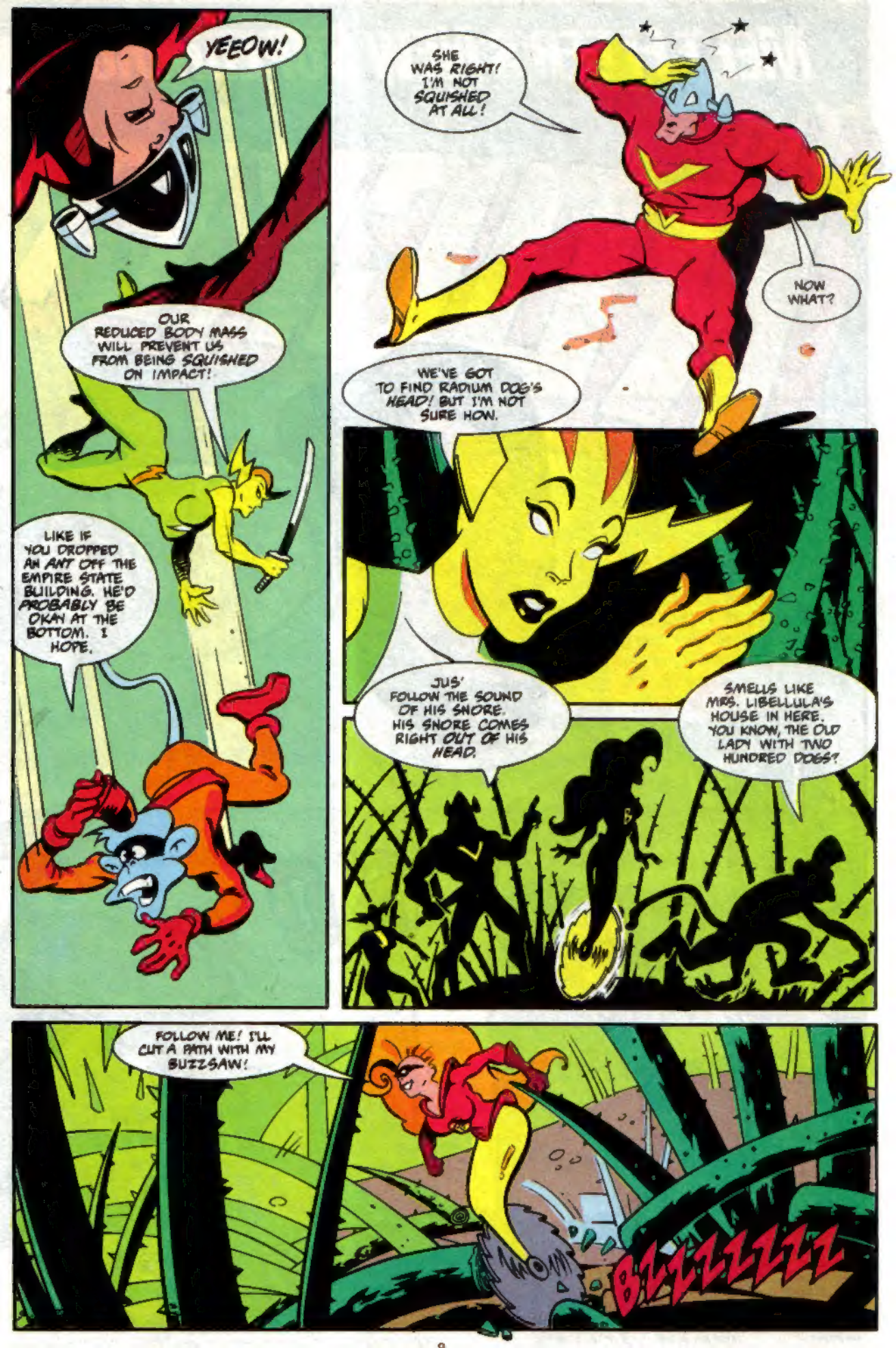
RRRAARRARR!
YER A BAD LITTLE PUPPY DOG, RADIUM! GET OVER HERE SO I CAN SMACK YA!
SCRITCH SCRITCH
JET HEADSTRONG! THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A HELPLESS ANIMAL!
GLRRR
ARRRR!
CLOMP
YIKES!
RRARF! WUHF! WUHF!
GIT 'IM OFF ME, MONKEY KID! HE'S GONE CRAZY!
YOU'RE NOT CARRYING RAW HAMBURGER ARE YOU, JET?

I'LL GET THIS TRANQUILIZER IN HIM IF YOU CAN HOLD HIS BUTT STILL, MONKEY KID!
Soft DRIN
I DON'T REMEMBER THAT IN MY JOB DESCRIPTION!
POIK
YIPE!
WELL, THAT DID IT! NICE WORK STABILIZING HIS REAR END, MONKEY KID.
IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO HAVE A SKILL TO FALL BACK ON!
HE LOOKS LIKE A L'IL LAMB. I'M SORRY I TRIED TO SLUG 'IM.
LOOK!
SCRITCH SCRITCH SCRITCH!
THERE'S SOMETHING SERIOUSLY WRONG WITH THIS DOG! SOME KIND OF IRRITATION INSIDE HIS FUNY HEAD. I'LL GET HIM TO THE LAB!

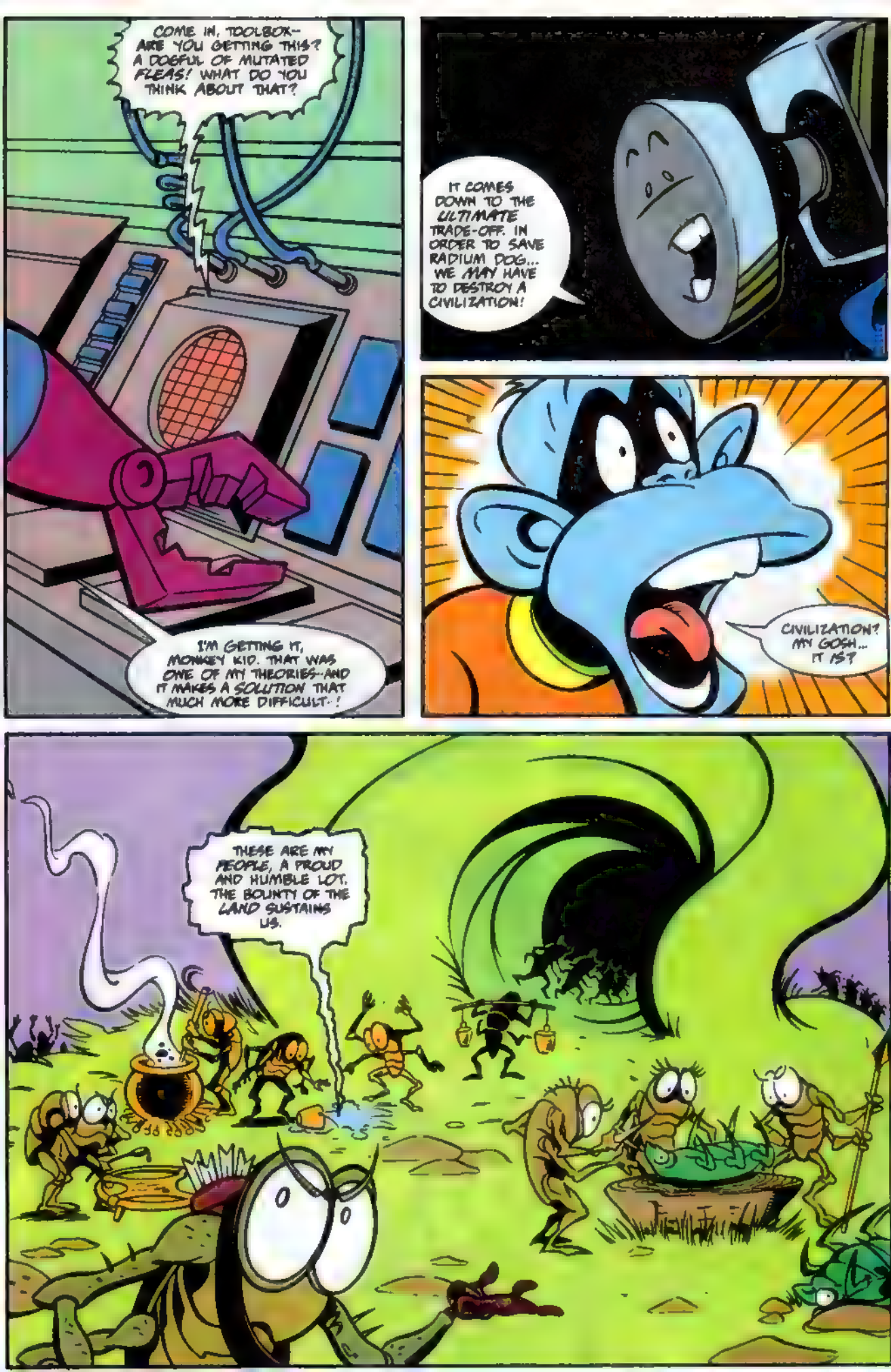

THE ATOMIC ELECTRON ANALYZING SCOPE SHOULD TELL US WHAT THE PROBLEM IS, JET.
I FEEL JUST SICK ABOUT ALL THIS. I WAS MEAN TO POOR RADIUM. AND NOW HERE HE IS WITH A TUMOR.
I DON'T THINK IT'S A TUMOR, JET. IT'S MORE LIKE A...A LITTLE TOWN.
THAT'S RIDICULOUS. JUST GET IT OUT OF THERE, TOOLBOX!
SHEIKMAN GRAY-BCM
I CAN'T. NOT WITHOUT MORE INFORMATION. IF I HAD PRECISE COORDINATES OF THE OBSTRUCTION IN RELATION TO HIS BRAIN LOBES, I COULD POSSIBLY TREAT IT.
IF ONLY THERE WAS A WAY TO GET IN THERE AND HAVE A CLOSE LOOK...
GET IN THERE?
YEAH! WE NEED TO GET IN THERE! TO DO ANYTHING TO HELP MY PAL, RADIUM DOG!
Hmmmmm, THE REDUCIN' DEVICE.
LISTEN UP, DEFENDERS! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! IT'S A GREAT ONE!
YOU MEAN WE COULD REDUCE OURSELVES TO THE SIZE OF A SPECK AND JOURNEY TO THE SURFACE OF RADIUM DOG'S BRAIN ON A SCIENTIFIC FACT-FINDING MISSION?

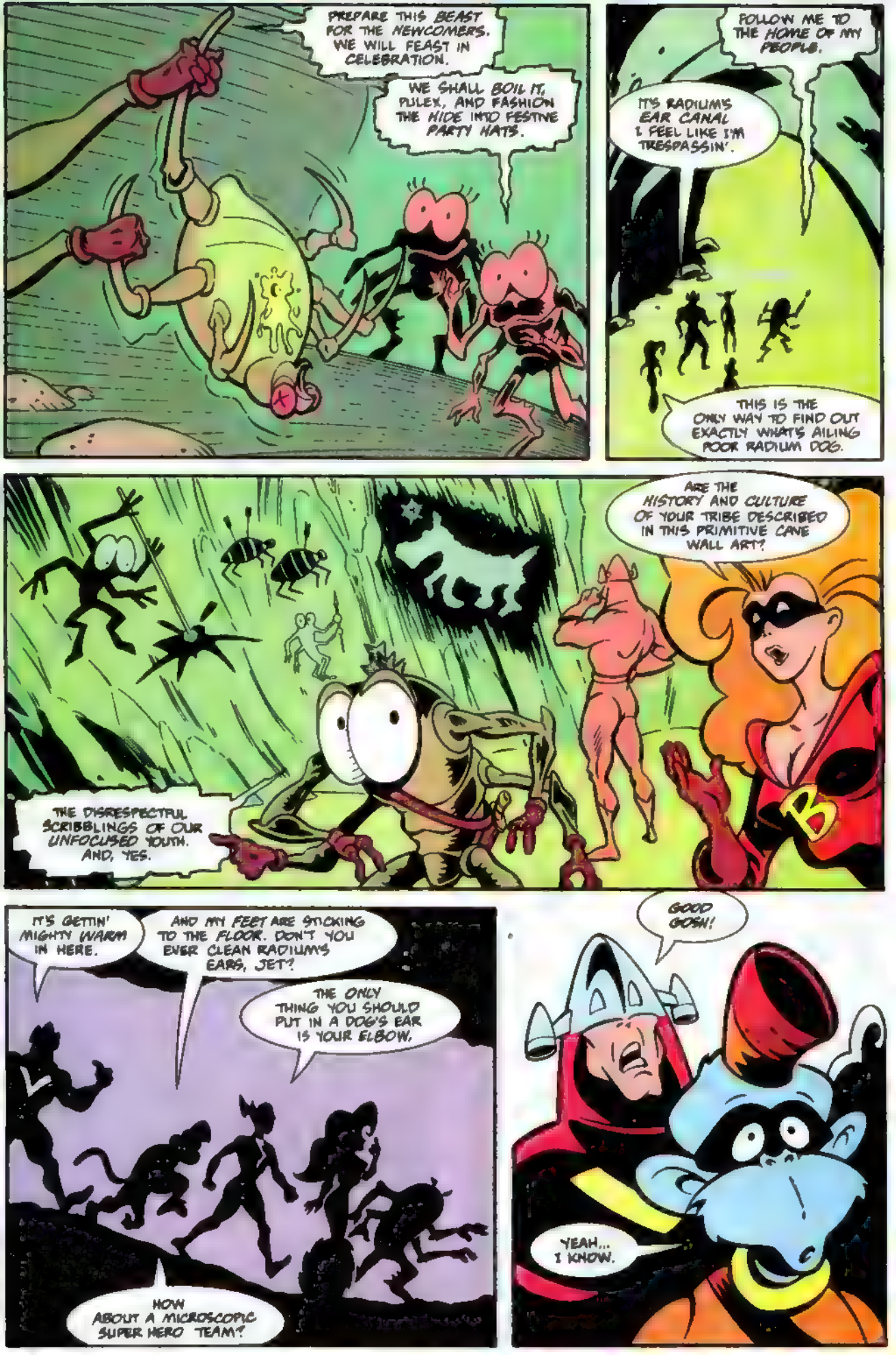
I WAS HOPIN' I'D GET TO SAY IT.
SORRY, JET. IT JUST POPPED OUT.
WHAT'S THE WALKIE TALKIE FOR?
I'D LIKE TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU DEFENDERS EVERY STEP OF THE WAY. WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU MIGHT RUN INTO DOWN THERE? GOOD LUCK.
KRNNNN
FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS- IT'S GOING TO BE A BUMPY RIDE!
OOH. OH. IT TICKLES.
ZAT!
NOW WHERE ARE THEY? IS THAT THEM? OR IS IT COOKIE CRUMBS?
TIDY SWEEP
OH, NO! WE'RE GETTING DUSTED OR WHISKED OR SOMETHING!
CRUDE BUT EFFECTIVE FORM OF TRANSPORTATION. IT'S HOW MOST COOKIE CRUMBS TRAVEL.

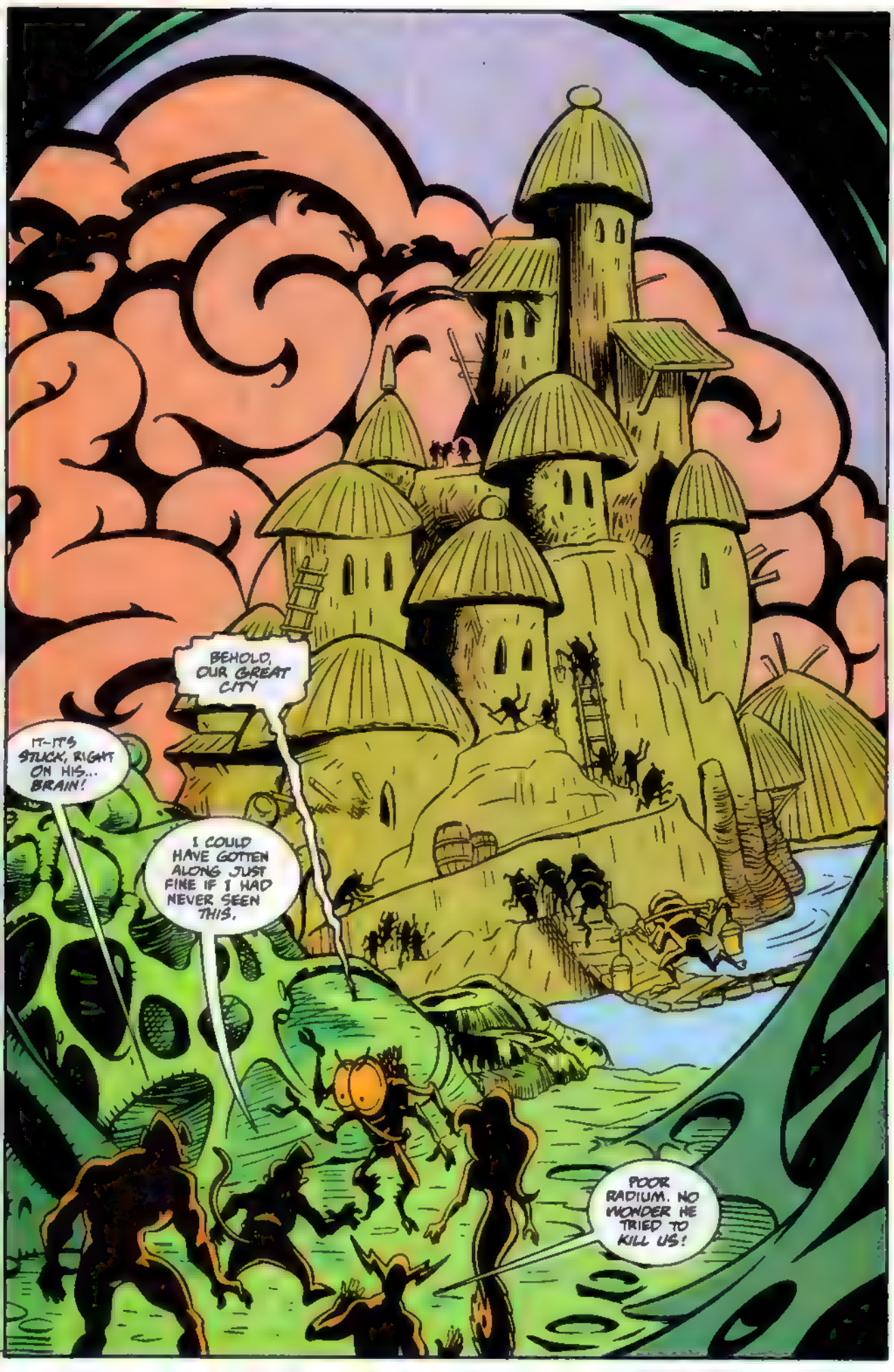

YEEOW!
OUR REDUCED BODY MASS WILL PREVENT US FROM BEING SQUISHED ON IMPACT!
LIKE IF YOU DROPPED AN ANT OFF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. HE'D PROBABLY BE OKAY AT THE BOTTOM. I HOPE.
SHE WAS RIGHT! I'M NOT SQUISHED AT ALL!
NOW WHAT?
WE'VE GOT TO FIND RADIUM DOG'S HEAD! BUT I'M NOT SURE HOW.
JUS' FOLLOW THE SOUND OF HIS SNORE. HIS SNORE COMES RIGHT OUT OF HIS HEAD.
SMELLS LIKE MRS. LIBELLULA'S HOUSE IN HERE. YOU KNOW, THE OLD LADY WITH TWO HUNDRED DOGS?
FOLLOW ME! I'LL CUT A PATH WITH MY BUZZSAW!
BZZZZZZZ

OH, I SHOULD SEE IF MY BLADE IS HURTING RADIUM DOG. CAN YOU HEAR ME, TOOLBOX?
NO PROBLEM, BUZZSAW GIRL. HE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE.
EWWW! I CAN'T STAND BUGS! I'M GOING TO JUMP OUT OF MY HAIRDO!
IT LOOKS LIKE A HERD OF MUTATED SKIN MITES. IT'S FASCINATING! WE'RE SEEING SOMETHING THAT NO HUMAN EYES HAVE SEEN.
I GUESS I SHOULD FEEL LUCKY ABOUT THAT.
ZEET!
SSSHH
UUCK
DID...YOU... SEE...

GREETINGS, STRANGERS. ARE YOU VALLEY PEOPLE?
WELL, NO. WE'RE THE DEFENDERS OF DYNATRON CITY! AND WHO, SIR, MIGHT YOU BE?
I THINK HE'S A FLEA, JET. WHEN RADIUM WAS MUTATED, I'LL BET HIS FLEAS MUTATED, TOO!
I AM PULEX, CHIEF OF MY TRIBE. THESE ARE THE LANDS WE HUNT. FREE TO ALL UPRIGHT BEINGS LIKE YOURSELVES.
IS HE TALKIN' DIRTY?
FWUMP
RETURN WITH ME TO MY VILLAGE AND SHARE IN OUR FEAST.
THAT'S OKAY. WE, UH... WE FEASTED ON THE WAY OVER.
BUT WE'D BE GLAD TO COME SEE YOUR DIGS!
WE ARE NOW PASSING UNDER THE EQUATOR WHICH SEPARATES OUR COLONY FROM THE HUNTING LANDS.
IT'S THE COLLAR I BOUGHT FOR RADIUM DOG LAST SUMMER!


COME IN, TOOLBOX— ARE YOU GETTING THIS? A DOGFUL OF MUTATED FLEAS! WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT?
I'M GETTING IT, MONKEY KID. THAT WAS ONE OF MY THEORIES--AND IT MAKES A SOLUTION THAT MUCH MORE DIFFICULT.!
IT COMES DOWN TO THE ULTIMATE TRADE-OFF. IN ORDER TO SAVE RADIUM DOG... WE MAY HAVE TO DESTROY A CIVILIZATION!
CIVILIZATION? MY GOSH... IT IS?
THESE ARE MY PEOPLE, A PROUD AND HUMBLE LOT. THE BOUNTY OF THE LAND SUSTAINS US.


PREPARE THIS BEAST FOR THE NEWCOMERS. WE WILL FEAST IN CELEBRATION.
WE SHALL BOIL IT, PULEX, AND FASHION THE HIDE INTO FESTIVE PARTY HATS.
FOLLOW ME TO THE HOME OF MY PEOPLE.
IT'S RADIUM'S EAR CANAL I FEEL LIKE I'M TRESPASSIN'.
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT'S AILING POOR RADIUM DOG.
ARE THE HISTORY AND CULTURE OF YOUR TRIBE DESCRIBED IN THIS PRIMITIVE CAVE WALL ART?
THE DISRESPECTFUL SCRIBBLINGS OF OUR UNFOCUSED YOUTH. AND, YES.
IT'S GETTIN' MIGHTY WARM IN HERE.
AND MY FEET ARE STICKING TO THE FLOOR. DON'T YOU EVER CLEAN RADIUM'S EARS, JET?
THE ONLY THING YOU SHOULD PUT IN A DOG'S EAR IS YOUR ELBOW.
HOW ABOUT A MICROSCOPIC SUPER HERO TEAM?
GOOD GOSH!
YEAH... I KNOW.


BEHOLD, OUR GREAT CITY
IT-IT'S STUCK, RIGHT ON HIS... BRAIN!
I COULD HAVE GOTTEN ALONG JUST FINE IF I HAD NEVER SEEN THIS.
POOR RADIUM. NO WONDER HE TRIED TO KILL US!

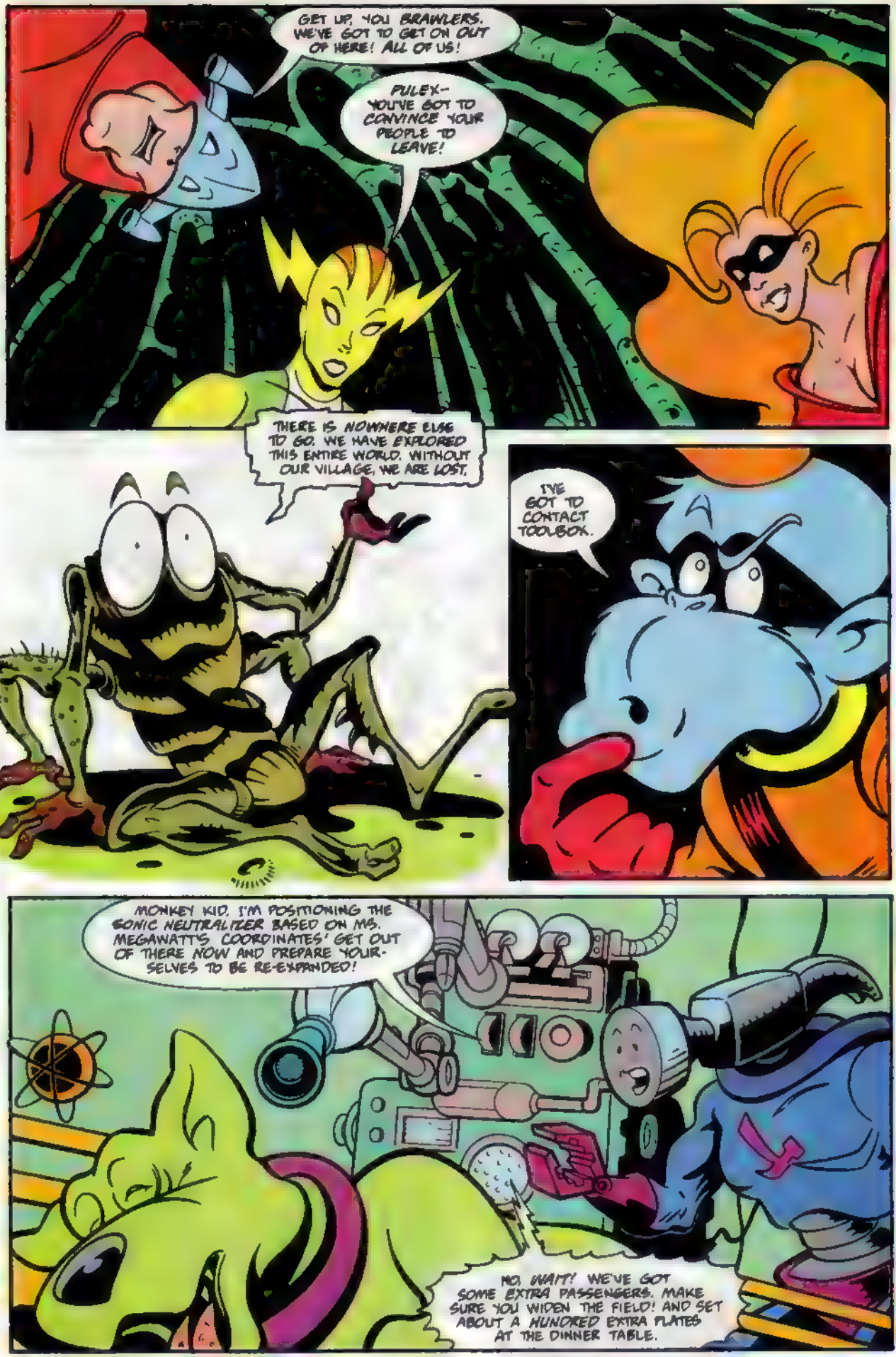
TOOLBOX! WE FOUND IT! IT'S LIKE A BUILDING-BUILT RIGHT ONTO HIS B..B..BRAIN!
THEN MY THEORY IS CORRECT! IT HAS TO COME DOWN, AND FAST! RADIUM'S VITAL SIGNS ARE WEAKENING. HIS BRAIN IS FORGETTING HOW TO KEEP HIS BODY OPERATING!
HEY, YOU KIDS! STOP JUMPIN' ON MY DOG'S BRAIN!
WHAT'LL WE DO?
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GET OUT OF THERE! NO TINY BEING COULD SURVIVE WHAT I HAVE IN MIND!
AND RADIUM CAN'T SURVIVE WHAT HE HAS ON HIS MIND!
CUTE GAG.
INVADERS! YOU PLAN TO DESTROY OUR VILLAGE! I'LL NOT ALLOW IT!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'IM, MONKEY KID
HANG BACK, JET. I CAN HANDLE IT-- I SAW WEST SIDE STORY!
OUR VILLAGE IS NOT A TRIFLE TO BE DISCARDED!
I THINK WE SHOULD WORK SOMETHING OUT BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS HURT, PULEX!
YOUR BLOOD WILL FLOW LIKE A GREAT RIVER!
MY BLOOD'S STAYIN' RIGHT IN MY BODY, WHERE IT BELONGS!

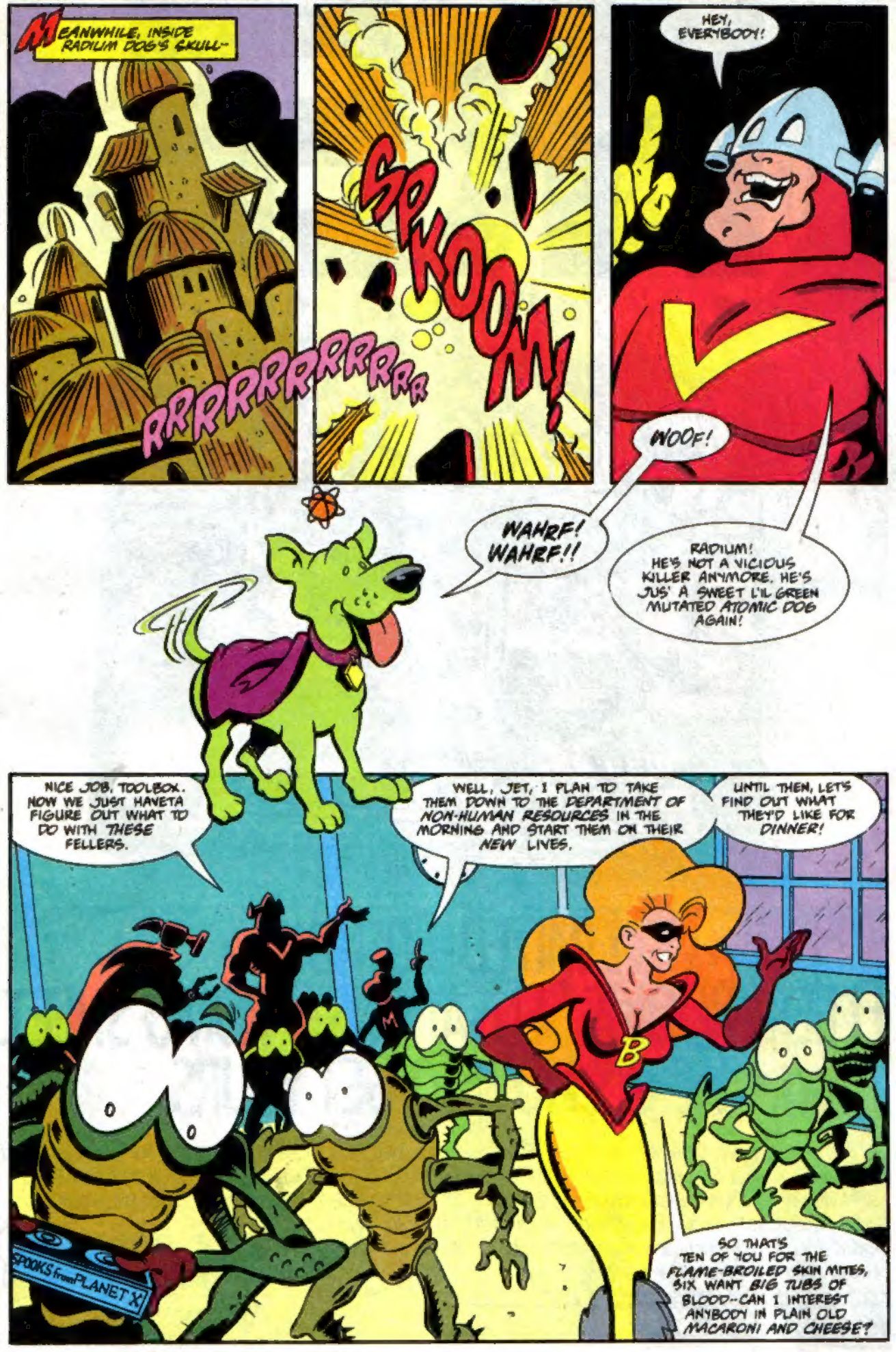
WE ARE STRONG! WE WILL NOT SUBMIT!
YOU'RE JUST STUBBORN! I'VE GOT A PLAN!
SLAP!
DROP THE KNIFE! YOU'RE GONNA STICK SOMEBODY!
I NEED NO WEAPONS TO OVERPOWER YOU!
TAKE THIS! I MEAN— OUCH!
WHOOPS!
YOU ARE BEATEN, MONKEY BEING!
I'M SMALL-- BUT I'M WIRY! AND I FIGHT LIKE A THIRD GRADER!
OOOF!
YOU ARE FINISHED! YOUR FRIENDS WILL CARRY YOUR SHAMED, LIFELESS BODY OUT OF OUR SIGHT!

SIGHT?
LEARNED THIS MANEUVER FROM MY FAVORITE "GIANTS OF COMEDY."
POIK
OH WELL, AT LEAST ONE OF US IS AMUSED.
CAN WE WRAP THIS UP, MONKEY KID? SOME OF US HAVE PLANS.
I'M TRYING TO MAKE A POINT, BUZZSAW GIRL--UH-OH!
ENOUGH!
SPROING

OH YEAH, HE'S A FLEA GUY! HE CAN JUMP! I FORGOT!
?
YOU ARE DEFEATED, QUADRALIMBED ONE!
AH, YOU UNDERESTIMATE MY NUMBER OF LIMBS.. BY ONE!
YOU FORGOT MY HANDY PREHENSILE TAIL.. TAKE THIS!
HUH? OH, HUH HEH.
COOCHIE COOCHIE!
HEE HEE HEH!
NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOUR ATTENTION...
HEE HEE HEE HA HAAAA!


GET UP, YOU BRAWLERS. WE'VE GOT TO GET ON OUT OF HERE! ALL OF US!
PULEX- YOU'VE GOT TO CONVINCE YOUR PEOPLE TO LEAVE!
THERE IS NOWHERE ELSE TO GO. WE HAVE EXPLORED THIS ENTIRE WORLD. WITHOUT OUR VILLAGE, WE ARE LOST.
I'VE GOT TO CONTACT TOOLBOX.
MONKEY KID. I'M POSITIONING THE SONIC NEUTRALIZER BASED ON MS. MEGAWATT'S COORDINATES! GET OUT OF THERE NOW AND PREPARE YOURSELVES TO BE RE-EXPANDED!
NO, WAIT! WE'VE GOT SOME EXTRA PASSENGERS. MAKE SURE YOU WIDEN THE FIELD! AND SET ABOUT A HUNDRED EXTRA PLATES AT THE DINNER TABLE.

WILL DO! AND I'VE HOOKED MY MACHINE TO THE SHOP VAC SO IT CAN SUCK EVERYONE ONTO THE PLATFORM FOR DIRECT EXPANSION!
HEADS UP! ON THE COUNT OF THREE. ONE...TWO...
FAVOZZZ
OOOPS.
HERE COME SOME ITSY-BITSY SUPER HEROES NOW.
Electrolux
...THREE.
WHOOSH
I'M GAINING WEIGHT AS IF I WERE ON A TOTAL JUNK FOOD BINGE WEEKEND.
IT'S GOOD TO BE JUMBO-SIZED AGAIN!
I'M THICKENING LIKE HAM GRAVY!


MEANWHILE, INSIDE RADIUM DOG'S SKULL--
RRRRRRRRRRRR
SPKOOM!
HEY, EVERYBODY!
WOOF!
WAHRF! WAHRF!!
RADIUM! HE'S NOT A VICIOUS KILLER ANYMORE. HE'S JUS' A SWEET L'IL GREEN MUTATED ATOMIC DOG AGAIN!
NICE JOB, TOOLBOX. NOW WE JUST HAVETA FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THESE FELLERS.
WELL, JET, I PLAN TO TAKE THEM DOWN TO THE DEPARTMENT OF NON-HUMAN RESOURCES IN THE MORNING AND START THEM ON THEIR NEW LIVES.
UNTIL THEN, LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THEY'D LIKE FOR DINNER!
SPOOKS from PLANET X!
SO THAT'S TEN OF YOU FOR THE FLAME-BROILED SKIN MITES, SIX WANT BIG TUBS OF BLOOD--CAN I INTEREST ANYBODY IN PLAIN OLD MACARONI AND CHEESE?

ONE MONTH LATER..
YOU SEE, JET, DYNATRON CITY IS ONE BIG MELTING POT. THOSE FLEA FOLKS HAD NO TROUBLE FITTING IN AT ALL.
PROTOCOLA ATOMIC DELIGHT
YER RIGHT, MONKEY KID. TWO OF 'EM CAME TO THE DOOR TRYIN' TO SELL ME ANYWAY PRODUCTS THIS MORNIN'!
CIRCUS'S
HOLLY'S
MARK
CLUB
THE NUTRON Grill
DID YOU BUY ANY?
WHAT? ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
I HEARD THAT HALF A DOZEN OF THEM HEADED WEST TO START A THEME PARK CALLED SIX FLEAS OVER TEXAS.
PUB
PULEX'
PET PATCH
grooming
dipping
WELL, HERE WE ARE!

HI, PULIE, HONEY.
HELLO, DEFENDERS OF DYNATRON CITY! OUR BUSINESS IS THRIVING, IF THERE IS ONE THING WE TRULY UNDERSTAND IT IS ANIMAL HAIR. THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS.
WHY, SURE! SAY, PULEX--IS RADIUM ABOUT READY?
YES, YES. HERE IS YOUR RADIUM DOG. HE BEHAVED WELL--ONCE WE APPLIED A TITANIUM MUZZLE.
HA HA, OH, HE'S JUST PRECIOUS!
POOR RADIUM DOG! HEE HEE HA HA HA HA!
YOU LOOK AWFUL PURTY, RADIUM BUDDY. LET'S GET YOU HOME.
YEAH, BEFORE HE DECIDES TO YANK US APART LIKE ROPE BONE. POOR HUMILIATED PUP.
NEXT ISSUE: MONSTERS! PLENTY OF MONSTERS!